

# Our African Requiem

## THE BITTER TEAR



by WORDS & MUSIC  
**EDWARD R. HOOGS.**

TORONTO, ONT.

UNIVERSITY OF TORONTO  
13, 187  
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## THE BITTER TEAR.

By Edward R. Hoogs.

Andante.  
VOICE.

PIANO.

1. To Thee, our God, with  
2. Pick'd from our best,  
3. Deep in each heart,  
4. Now have we peace! sweet

heads bow'd low, Sing we the re-quiem  
brave ev'-ry one, Shirk'd they no du-ty,  
blood warm and red Thrills beat for beat, in  
rest-ful peace! Let love pre-vail, all



soft and slow. For those who fought and died, yes,  
all du - ty done; On A - fric's lone - ly veldt, high  
love for our dead; With those who sad - ly mourn them,  
dis - cord - cease; Though va - cant is the chair, as

far from all so dear, Shed we now the  
shafts to heav - en rear, While we shed the  
be they far or near, Shed we too, the  
year fol - lows year, Now is dried the

bit - ter tear.  
bit - ter tear.  
bit - ter tear.  
bit - ter tear.

(Repeat Bugle Call and Guns.)

Bugle Call.

Refrain.

5

1-3. Yes, call fol - lowed call, each an-swered with a  
 2. Chang'd is the call, Heav-en's trum - pet

Gnns.

will, And the flag with the Ma-ple and the Beav-er led them  
 blast, Sweet, sweet the sound, God's grace at

still, The front files made va-cant were fill'd up from the rear,  
 last; And lov'd ones at the gate, their fa-ces press-ing near,

And we now shed the bit-ter, bit-ter tear.  
 Chase a-way the bit-ter, bit-ter tear.

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